

All's out at LAST; O R,

See who has been in the wrong.

If e'er this little spot of Earth,
Since first to Britain it gave Birth,
Had mighty cause for Joy and Mirth,
This is the time.

Would we shew Gratitude to Heaven,
By setting all our matters even,
And not leave things at Six and Seven,
This is the Time.

Would we not let Petit Lorain,
Our Sham Pretender there remain,
Nor Philip Domineer in Spain,
This is the Time.

Would we not have the Cat'lans Slain,
Nor France our Trade us on the Main,
But down with Proud Mardyke again,
This is the time.

Would Perkins now he's lost his hope,
Goe straight to Rome and court the Pope,
Or voluntrerly take the Rope,
This is the time.

If Hermodactyle as his due,
Would once a glorious leap pursue,
As Puppies drown to shew they'r true,
This is the time.

Would Gambol to himself be kind,
Leave all his Whores the first fair Wind,
Or else be Hang'd and stay behind,
This is the time.

Would Atty Brogue and Matty P——r,
Who do to mighty things aspire,
To their first humble State retire,
This is the time.

Would Monaghan receive the first
To Goal, where he was Whelp't & Nurs't,
There keep him in Confinement Curst,
This is the time.

As Matty has the Statesman play'd,
And therein many blunders made,
Would he retire to his first Trade,
This is the time.

Then would Hibernia happy be,
And from such Vermin to get free,
And so preserve her Liberty,
This is the time.

Would great S— Con. and good S— Sam.
Who Town and Country set on Flame,
Endeavour now to quench the same,
This is the time.

Would Con. the P—e and Sam the G—n.
Either for Fear, or Shame lay down,
And sneak by Night out of the Town,
This is the time.

Would Hatters, Weavers and Shoemakers,
Porters, Sooe-Boys, Kennel-Rakers,
No more be F——s his Undertakers,
This is the time.

Would Tit for Tat lay by his Pen,
And never Flatter Rogues again,
Nor throw his Faith on honest Men,
This is the time.

Would he be rid of all his Fears,
Procur'd by foolish Idle Jeers,
And let his Heels preserve his Ears,
This is the time.

Would S—— and H—— leave their tricks,
And never more their Sermons mix,
With Raillery and Politicks,
This is the time.

Would Tories with the Whigs Unite,
With steady Heart and Hand to Fight,
For Great King GEORGE's legal Right,
This is the time.

Or else would Patrick with his Wand,
As once he did all Toads Disband,
Now Tories turn out of the Land,
This is the time.

And whosoever Writs are sent,
Would Towns and Counties all be bent,
To chuse an Honest Parliament.
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